Under the Mistletoe

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/21926515.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Minor or Background Relationship(s), Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Beverly Katz, Freddie Lounds, Alana Bloom, Margot Verger, Brian Zeller, Jimmy Price
Additional Tags:	Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Christmas Fluff, Alpha Hannibal Lecter, Omega Will Graham, Mpreg, Post Mpreg, Mating, Matchmaking, Animal hybrids, First Kiss, Sassy Freddie Lounds, Not Beta Read, Humourous, Mild Smut, Not Canon Compliant, Self-Indulgent, Team Sassy Science, Unsafe Sex, tipsy sex, This is a sappy holiday fic, #SeasonsSlick, Pregnancy Kink, Fetish
Language:	English
Series:	Part 16 of Hannigram Oneshots, Part 2 of Omegaverse Stories
Collections:	#SeasonsSlick, Wendigo & Stag
Stats:	Published: 2019-12-24 Words: 7,526 Chapters: 1/1

Under the Mistletoe

by APastandFutureNerd

Summary

It’s Christmas time. Team Sassy Science has conspired to bring Will and Hannibal together under the mistletoe in Beverly’s home - with unexpected consequences.

Notes

This was written in the middle of the night as I needed some self-comfort as I am going through a very difficult time at the moment. I thought I’d turn it into an A/B/O fic with Hannibal and Will being stag and deer hybrids.

Merry Christmas!!!

XOXO

Nerd

The best thing about working as forensic scientists in the examination room in the Behavioral Analysis Unit in Quantico was to be left alone during work. Especially when the hysteria stirred up by the media had quietened. But currently the serial killers had decided to take it easy on the FBI and the head of the BAU. Even murderers required some time for themselves during Christmas time, it seemed. The Chesapeake Ripper had also been inactive for a while, which gave everyone enough time to make plans for the holidays and reduce the hours of work.

Beverly, Brian, and Jimmy hung up their white lab robes on the rack, then reached for their belongings and jackets. Just when they were walking with quick steps towards the door, Beverly stopped them and pulled them into a conspiratorial hug.

“Everyone knows what to do?” She whispered, looking into every direction, just in case Will would be bumping into them as he worked late sometimes.

Jimmy grinned. “I’m going to make sure Dr. Lecter’s going to be there first and draw him into a conversation. Brian snorted. “Good luck with coming up with a topic to keep him interested in you long enough. “

“Hey, don’t argue”, she reproached them but with a slight amused look on her face.

The cat hybrid then gazed at Brian with a mischievous glint in her ebony eyes. “And your task is?”

“To bring the mistletoe twig with me and mount it on the ceiling, then distract Will a little bit, while Jimmy manages-“, he shot another doubting glare at his beta partner, ”to keep Dr. Lecter busy and supply him with a good drink.”

Jimmy cast an irritated look at him. “You know we can switch if you do feel more confident about being a better conversation partner.”

Brian shrugged and held his arms up in defense. “No, no, no. There’s no way I am going to be the one talking to him and screw it up .”

At this, Jimmy knitted his eyebrows. Beverly cleared her throat and hissed in annoyance. Her eyes flashed green for a single moment. “Guys. Can you just stop bickering about it for one minute.”

“Sorry.”

“Well, I’ll fetch Will from home and make sure he’s going to leave his own nest for once”, she explained. And I’ll supply the booze.” She looked back at Jimmy. “You tell me when Will or Hannibal need a refill.”

Jimmy saluted to her like a soldier. “Aye, Sir”, he joked.

“It’s ”*ma’am* actually”, Beverly corrected him. ”And most important, make sure they move towards the mistletoe while talking to you.”

“You can count on us”, Jimmy countered with a wink. “I’m a good matchmaker, trust me.”

“Fine then”, Beverly grinned back at him, purring in satisfaction, her tail having stopped to move in agitation.

“Then see you guys tomorrow night. “And don’t be late”, she called out to them, as she walked to her grey Hyundai, some fifty meters away from where Brian and Jimmy were still standing.

“No worries”, they shouted back at her. The agents waved her goodbye and finally strolled to their cars, a black Audi and a blue Chrysler parked next to each other.

“I’m really excited if our plan is really going to succeed”, Jimmy remarked. Brian raised his eyebrows. “Me, too, Jimmy.”

“Do you wanna bet?” He turned to Jimmy who burst out in excitement. His auburn eyes sparkled with joy.“Oh, yeah. That’s a great idea. How much do you wanna give ?”

Brian fetched his brown leather wallet from his pocket. He had fifty dollars in it. He contemplated. “I’d say thirty.”

“Twenty for the kiss and ten if they fuck though I doubt they’d do in Bev’s guest bedroom. So my stake is twenty dollars.”

Jimmy smirked. “It’s a deal, then.” He paused. “I’m waging thirty. You’ll get twenty if they kiss but don’t fuck.”

“You’re way too optimistic, dude”, Brian snickered and shook his head.

“No risk, no fun”, Jimmy joked in his cheerful manner, unlocking his car with the key in his hand.

Having arrived in front of their cars at the parking lot, they parted ways after talking again about the time they would meet before the party officially started.

Will was standing in front of the mirror in his bathroom, throwing a last checking glance at his appearance after having been advised by Beverly to take care of his appearance and let her shave him and style his hair.His brown deer ears twitched in agitation and his short tail was tense. Will had always hated parties. Not because he was insecure and scared of people or suffering of social anxiety. It was rather the group of people overwhelming the many neurons in his brain. The loud chattering, the music, the smell of drunk people drained his energy all the time.

But today he had no excuse to not attend because Beverly, his best friend, had invited him for a Christmas party with Alana, Margot, Brian, and Jimmy. Jack had excused himself, taking care of his wife Bella who was pregnant with their first baby and not feeling particularly well.

Beverly stood behind him, observing him with her eyes from head to toe with a judging and analytic look. The omega wore black slacks, a salmon-red shirt, and a black jacket. His curls, usually so fierce and a mess were flattened and shortened. Merely one rebellious curl fell over his forehead but Beverly had liked it and called it the “seduction curl.”When Will had asked why she didn’t answer and winked.

“I think you should invest in a better shirt on occasion, Will”, Bev told him with a grin. “It must have been the fifth time I’ve seen you wear that damn shirt.”

Will scoffed and he ran his fingers through his hair, straddling his big round deer ears, as he tried to flatten his curls. “I don’t see why. Give me a good reason.”

Beverly leaned back against the table behind her.“There are plenty of reasons why. Self-care, for example. Self-appreciation.”

“I provided enough self-care with my dogs”, he countered, smoothing the wrinkles on his shirt and tugging it beneath the waistband before closing the jacket. ”And I have never been a narcissist.”

Beverly laughed and shook her head. “Maybe. But still.”

She cocked her head to the side as a new thought had come to her mind.Well, his scruff charm could work on Dr. Lecter if it’s true love. And with a bit of alcohol. But she kept that thought for herself.

Some time passed and Beverly checked her smartphone when receiving a message from Brian. They had to leave soon.

“Are you done?” Beverly inquired, her black tail wagging, as she checked the time again.“We have to go now.”

Will sighed.He bowed to his furry companions, petted each of their heads, before leaving a note for his dog sitter on the table.

“I guess so”, he replied with a wry smile. “It’s not that I have much of a choice, it seems.”

“No”, she answered truthfully. “You haven’t.”

The drive wasn’t long. It took them about thirty minutes from Wolf Trap to Alexandria, before they pulled up at the drive-in front of Beverly’s house which had a modern, futuristic look to it. The two-story house was all white, had a flat roof, a cubical form, and a huge glass window at the balcony above. Working at the FBI’s BAU came with a good salary after all.

Will sighed a little when they stepped out and closed the door behind them. He saw the people avidly chatting already through the large glass windows. His heart was aching at the thought of Dr. Lecter. Will was wondering what he was up to. Certainly other things than attending parties of the BAU.Another long exhaled breath. Will missed his calming, soothing company and the witty conversations they had during their sessions.In embarrassment, he

noticed when focusing on his body to ground himself that slick was forming in his clit, moistening his fresh boxers. What an amazing start of the evening indeed.

“Here we are”, Beverly told him, gesturing him to the black entrance door where there were Christmas lights in all colours as well as garlands draped on the upper part of the door falling down to the sides and forming a frame. Will followed her, his sight already dizzy from the blinking Christmas lights.

“Nice home, Bev”, Will said with a smile. “You’re a fan of cubism and modern art it seems.”

“Yep, I am”, she replied with an appreciating fond smile. “I’m definitely not into fancy old stuff like Dr. Lecter.”

Will laughed at her comment. “No, you’re definitely not. Don’t let him hear the, though.”

“I promise I won’t”, she assured him as they walked up the steps. Before she could slip the key through the door, someone was already opening it.It was from Brian.

“Hey Will”, Brian greeted him with a smile.“Good to see you.” He shook his hand - a little bit too enthusiastically for Will’s taste. He was a little confused. Why was Brian being so friendly all of a sudden when usually his colleague behaved like a jerk towards him?

Shrugging, he stepped into the apartment.It was moody and the lights had been dimmed. A silver disco ball was mounted at the ceiling. In the living room, there was a lot of space. Tables had been removed for the sake of space, shoved to the back. They were lined up in a row so that the guests were being able to dance. Happy upbeat Christmas pop songs were playing in the background. Will recognized Alana and Margot, who caught his gaze and stepped forward. They both looked dashing in their elegant, yet not over the top, black and red dresses. Margot wore a flowing dress as her pregnancy had progressed. Will embraced them when greeting the two ladies. “It’s nice to see you, Will”, Alana welcomed him with a smile, knowing how much he loathed parties. “Hi, Alana. Yeah, what don’t we do all for friends, I guess”, Will replied in a sarcastic tone. Margot kissed his cheek, then eyed him from head to toe. “You look good, Will”, she complimented him with a crooked smile. “As if you had come here to seduce somebody.”

Will lifted his eyebrows. “I don’t know who that would be, Margot. The times which I spent on courting Alana have long past.” The female alpha chuckled and boxed him into his shoulder in a playful manner.

Brian remained in the background, a little bit uncomfortable at being shut out. He was now constantly checking in for Jimmy and Beverly, but Will did not seem to notice.

Then someone else approached. A woman with a delicate slender frame and long blazing red curls. She had red fox ears and a bushy foxtail. She wore a white satin skirt and a black lace blouse as well as matching black heels. Will‘s stomach clenched and his eyes narrowed. What was Freddie Lounds, the mouth of madness doing here in Beverly’s home?

Freddie gave him her hand with a self-satisfied smile, throwing her hair back to get rid of her curls falling onto her face. “Hello Will. It’s good to see you under different circumstances.”

“Which circumstances are these?” He countered snappishly, raising his eyebrows and giving her a rather unfriendly stare. God, he needed a drink.

“Under friendlier ones”, she replied with a sweet smile.“Ah”, he answered, crossing his arms on his chest, still skeptical.

“I am the mate of Beverly”, she announced with another cheeky smile. She held up her hair to show him the bite mark on her neck.

“Good luck with that”, he countered, unimpressed, knowing the history of Beverly’s ex-lovers and former mates fairly well.

Of all the news, this was one of the most unexpected ones and Will already asked himself how he could withdraw from further meetings without hurting Beverly’s feelings. Freddie was just unbearable.She had sociopathic tendencies.

“Do you want anything to drink?” Brian finally asked Will, casually interrupting them, feeling the discomfort of the omega “Oh, yeah sure”, Will remarked, in relief, giving him a short, approving nod. “Whiskey would be great.” Brian departed. Waiting alone with Freddie, Will let his eyes flicker to the spot where Alana and Margot have retreated - to the standing table on the balcony. He did not want to talk to her more than he had to.

“Good luck with hitting on Dr. Lecter”, Freddie remarked with a sharp-tongue, then walked away from him on her high heels, making her way to search her mate.

Will peeked around through the room in the meantime. Garlands and Christmas lights were adorning the ceiling and the curtain rails. A Christmas tree was nowhere to be found. Probably for space reasons. Beverly, suddenly rushing out of nowhere, patted Will’s back and announced to both Will and Brian: “Everything’s alright? Are you having fun?”

“Sure, Bev. I’m fine.” He paused and gave her a disapproving look. “You didn’t say that Freddie Lounds was your new mate”,Will noted in a slightly reproachful manner.

“It was supposed to be a surprise, you know”, Beverly grinned, baring her fangs in a wide grin before walking away again.

“She’s looking for you by the way”, Will called after her.

“Freddie will find me”, Beverly called back.”My house is not a palace.” A few moments later, she was reunited with Freddie and talked to her after a short kiss.

Brian returned from the kitchen and handed Will a glass filled with Bourbon whiskey as he had ordered. Alana and Margot were still outside. Bev and Freddie had gone away from sight, too, probably to finish dinner and now he was stuck with his colleague. There was a short awkward silence as none of them were too friendly and barely talked outside their work at the bureau. Brian walked a little further towards the center of the room where the mistletoe was mounted. Out of politeness, Will was bound to follow him.“So, Uhm, how are you doing? The last case was pretty rough, don’t you agree?.”

“Well, yeah, but I’m doing fine. I have my dogs and I can cope with it”, Will replied, sipping from his glass of whiskey.

“Yeah, I can relate, I often thought about getting a dog”, Brian answered, his eyes roaming through the room.

The evening was already tedious even if it had only just begun.Will just felt lonely. He wanted to drive back to Baltimore and ask Dr. Lecter out for dinner. His stomach fluttered at the thought. No, he couldn’t. He was his patient, even though it was unofficial, and he wasn’t sure at all if his feelings for Will were the same. Will had seen him flirting with a blonde woman once or twice - a beta or omega. Sighing he downed his whiskey with another sip. Then the omega froze as an altogether familiar scent wafted through the air. Will sniffed and frowned. It was unmistakably the scent of Dr. Lecter. He would recognize it anywhere.

Jimmy dashed around the corner of the kitchen and to Will’s surprise he was accompanied by no other than his psychiatrist Dr. Lecter. His blue eyes widened and he hitched his breath when he noticed his psychiatrist talking to Jimmy. Will watched them with attentive eyes. Jimmy tried to give his best to entertain Dr. Lecter but he did seem a little bored.

Will smiled. He understood him. Jimmy was all fun and a nice man to chit chat with but Dr. Lecter was someone chasing more sophisticated, intellectual conversations about philosophers, religion, history and God knows what.

Will’s knees grew wobbly and warmth spread through his body. His omega senses inside him urged him to step closer. For a moment he didn’t pay attention to Brian’s waffling about dogs or any kind of pets. Will even didn’t acknowledge he already had downed his second or third glass of whiskey. The beta’s chattering was muffled in his ear. All he had eyes for a moment was Dr. Lecter in a dapper, crimson red suit, a salmon shirt, and a dark red tie.

Brian gazed at him then to his keen object of interest and smiled an puckish smile. “Ah, there’s, Jimmy. Do you want to talk to Dr. Lecter, Will?” Brian proposed, taking some slow, well-measured steps towards Jimmy.

The latter flung a glance over his shoulder. “Ah, Brian. Hey Will”, he welcomed them, shifting away from his conversation with Dr. Lecter who turned around as well to shoot an equally surprised look at Will. For a moment the world stopped turning beneath the feet of Will when their gazes meet.

Oh no. Oh no. He was sure his cheeks were blazing red by now the way the heat was rushing through his body.

Jimmy escorted Dr. Lecter into their direction, coming to a halt beneath the mistletoe Brian had mounted on the ceiling. Will didn’t even know there was one and so didn’t Dr. Lecter apparently.

They carefully removed themselves, letting Dr. Lecter and Will approach and talk. Beverly was in the living room now, agitatedly talking to Alana and Margot and Freddie.

“Hello, Will, Dr. Lecter greeted him in his warm voice, smiling at him fondly. “What a nice surprise to see you here.”

“I am equally surprised, Doctor”, Will found himself answering. “It isn’t usually your kind of party, isn’t it?” Will raises his eyebrows, drinking another gulp of whiskey.

Hopefully, he didn’t make anything stupid tonight. But the way things were going that was exactly what was going on.

“No, but so it isn’t yours”, the psychiatrist encountered. “You look good, Will”, he added.

“Mistletoe”, Jimmy, Brian exclaimed all of a sudden and Will and Dr. Lecter looked up to the ceiling in surprise.

“Indeed”, Dr. Lecter commented on that with a wry smile, glancing up, then back at Will who just thought: Fuck. He felt slick moisten his underwear.He should have known that something had been up all along, planned by his colleagues. His psychiatrist, whose scent, vanilla and spice, smelled so luring approached him with slow steps, invading his distance.

Will kept his gaze fixed on him. He emptied the glass of whiskey, feeling it burn in his throat. But even the alcohol couldn’t exorcise these little winged demons in his stomach and the hotness caused by these maroon eyes with a little ring of gold in them. The room fell a little silent as people realized something was happening and pheromones were permeating in the air.

“You are familiar with the concept of the mistletoe tradition, Will?” He whispered in his velvet, purring voice, stepping closer. The scent intensified as he was invading the private space of Will.

Will swallowed and held his breath. His heartbeat was officially a mess right now. “I’ve heard of it, yeah.” His voice was rough and hoarse.

Brian and Jimmy, as well as Beverly, Alana, Margot, And Freddie, were watching them with attentive eyes, even though they pretended to chat with each other and drink their champagne.

“Everything's going to plan ”, Freddie whispered into Beverly’s ear. Beverly agreed. “Apparently.” “But don’t post it on Tattlecrime, Freddie.” For you I’m gonna make an exception, babe”, Freddie replied playfully and kissed her cheek. “No, shh, I don’t want to miss the moment”, Freddie scolded her, pushing forward, causing Beverly to hiss in annoyance.

“Then you’re surely aware what I’m going to do next Will”, the alpha stated in a quiet voice, letting his arm rest on his shoulder.

Will gazed up at him, stared into his maroon eyes and noticed a gentle loving look in the dark pools.

He tumbled closer until their foreheads touched. There was a wonderful prickling in his stomach. The omega in him mewled in satisfaction.

“I feel watched”, Will breathed against his lips. Dr. Lecter hesitated and pulled back a little.“Of course, I don’t want to do anything that makes you uncomfortable -,”, he began but then fell silent as the whiskey stained lips of Will found his, pressed against them. First slowly and tender before strengthening it.

Will felt the world stop spinning for a moment as he finally got to taste these damn fine lips of the alpha he had tried to resist for so long but in the end succumbed. Dr. Lecter shivered, too and hummed. Their lips tasted like wine and whiskey. Will cupped his cheeks into his hands, wanting more. His kiss then grew more demanding.

In the process, his tiny, little fangs bit on Dr. Lecter’s bottom lip. The alpha hissed first, then reciprocated it. The surprised cries uttered by their curious audience gathered around them were hushed in Will’s ears.

”Oh, it's getting hot in here”, Jimmy casually commented and just fanned his hand, feigning the temperature had increased.

Oh my goodness, Dr. Lecter tasted so good, Will thought as their lips parted. His heart was pounding fast as a galloping horse in his chest. Will didn’t want to stop. He sighed. He wanted to bond with him. Now. The alpha growled quietly, sensing his thoughts and smiled back at him.

Feeling the eyes of the guests on him, they pulled away for some moments and stood there, a little awkward. But Will felt soothed by the kiss and by his new alpha.

Everyone applauded, cheered and laughed when their lips clashed together in a soft, tender kiss.

“Show’s over”, Beverly announced cheering, distracting the spectators. “Time to eat ”, she announced. Brian and Jimmy were the loudest, but Margot looked positively radiant.

“Yeah, I’m starving”, Margot said, stroking her pregnant belly. Alana purred and nuzzled in her neck.”We can’t let our little baby starve, that’s for sure.” Her blue greenish eyes glowed golden when she stroked the curve of her belly.

Beverly wanted to say something to Dr. Lecter and Will, her eyes searching but saw that they had gone elsewhere. Brian and Jimmy advised her against following them.

“They’ll find their way to the guest room on their own”, Brian joked with a smirk.

The guests returned to the living room except for a certain couple. The tables were now pushed back into place so that everyone could sit. Alana and Margot helped setting the table. Brian and Jimmy were already a little tipsy and earning disapproving glances from Freddie. Dr. Lecter and Will were standing in the corridor leading away from the living room, embracing each other, purring, growling and licking at each other’s scent glands.

“Merry Christmas, Will”, Dr. Lecter breathed against his mouth, cupping his cheek into his hands, his eyes glowing golden.

“Merry Christmas, Dr. Lecter”, Will whispered, pressing his cheek against his after another languished, drawn out kiss.

The alpha pulled him into an embrace with his strong arms and Will laid his head on his chest. “Call me Hannibal, please.” He paused. ” This is all I’ve ever wanted from the first day we’ve met, Will”, he purred, nuzzling his hair, scenting him with his nose. Will blushed and looked up, his eyes turning silver. ”Me too”, he moaned.

Will listened, as he placed his head on the alpha’s chest again,to the steady and quick heartbeat of Hannibal and was content. He kissed the alpha once more.. Longer this time - it was more wanton and wilder. Before long he dragged Hannibal around the corner.

“Will,you have to eat something - Hannibal said, as they climbed up the last steps of the spiralling stairs and walked through the narrow corridor with the dark grey walls.”Besides, it would be rude-”

“Later”, Will purred. “I want you”, he moaned.”I’m hungry for something else. And I don’t care about us being rude.”

The sweet scent of Will’s slick permeated Hannibal’s nose and he growled, his eyes growing golden as lust seized him. The omega blinked in amusement as there was a sign with “Guest room for Will and Hannibal”glued to the first door on the right.

“They thought of everything.” Will shook his head. “Indeed. Very cunning of them.” Hannibal curled his lips into an amused smirk before he nudged the omega into the room.

It was a small room in contrast to the other chambers of the house and was only filled with the most necessary furniture held in black and white. Simple and futuristic.There was a table, drawer, a chair and a medium-sized bed whose size would only suffice for them both to sleep in if they cuddled tightly. There was not much decoration either , simply one or two paintings with modern art adorned the walls.

Hannibal and Will didn’t have eyes for their surroundings though. All that mattered in this very moment were each other. Once they were inside, the door had been shut, Will pulled at Hannibal’s dinner jacket until it flew down into another corner. He tore at his salmon shirt and his tie while drawing him into fierce kisses, biting on his lips in the process, nibbling along the long crook of his neck, sinking his tiny fangs into his skin. Between the kisses, he brushed his own cheek against Hannibal’s, imprinting his own strong scent on the alpha. Both growled, purred and whined while they discarded of their clothes and threw them on the ground.

Hannibal bared his sharp teeth and snarled when Will stood before him in front of him in all his splendour, a few feet apart from him. He was admiring the broad chest of the alpha, the thick enforced alpha cock with the knot at the base, with a tinge of silver in his bluish green eyes, too.

The alpha licked his lips. “I would have preferred to mate with you in my own room in Baltimore”, he purred, stepping closer, letting his hands wander down his spine, which caused the omega to shiver.

Will withdrew from the gentle touch which caused the alpha to snarl in displeasure, then mounted on the bed and lay flat on his belly, shaking his ass in a lecherous manner, shooting him suggesting glances.“I guess you have to take me here and now”, Will replied with raised eyebrows and purred. His deer ears twitched and his short tail wagged.

“And I will”, Hannibal reassured him.Hannibal’s eyes were radiant and he gnarled in pleasure. He followed Will on the bed, sat between the straddled legs of Will and squeezed his soft cheeks, kneading them with reverence before rolling Will on his back again.

“Mate me”, Will whimpered in his higher-pitched omegan voice. More slick leaked out of his hole, staining the sheet below. His pupils were dilated, and the iris was all silver now, announcing animalistic lust that couldn't be stopped.

“All in due time”, Hannibal whispered. He bent down, nosed his neck and scented him, before exploring every inch of Will’s skin with his lips and his fangs. He licked and kissed Will from the crook of his neck, continued to suck the nipples of his yet flat breasts. The omega moaned, trembled a little and his nipples hardened immediately while Hannibal sucked and bit into them.

Will shivered under the ardent and fiery kisses of Hannibal and brought his hips up in the air.Hannibal when his mouth wandered down his belly until he reached his small, erect cocklet.

“Fuck..yes”, Will moaned when Hannibal sucked him off. His limbs quivered when Hannibal pushed him closer to his first climax. The alpha purred, content with getting a taste of his soon-to-be-mate.

“I need you inside me”, Will demanded now, licking his lips, rolling on his back again and spreading his legs further.

“You take your birth control pills, Will?” Hannibal asked him, holding himself back but his eyes glowed all golden.

Will’s answer was a breathed, impatient ”yes”.

The alpha gnarled.He stroked his alpha cock, lubed it with the slick wetness leaking out of Will. Then he pushed his dick into Will’s slit and he closed his eyes as he slowly thrust inside and felt Will’s sphincter muscles clenching around his cock.

“Harder”, Will breathed while being pressed into the silken sheets with every thrust.

Hannibal complied with a gnarl and pushed his cock with more intense and rough movements into his slit.

They didn't even make efforts to hide their moans and grunts and lost themselves in the bliss of heated mating. Their mating lasted so long they forgot the dinner Hannibal had organized for the guests downstairs and soon fell asleep before they got dressed again and returned to the party when the evening had progressed. Everyone grinned at them but didn't say a word. After dinner and dancing a little, they disappeared again.

Alana and Margot had left the party and only Brian, Jimmy, Beverly and Freddie were still there. They stored the leftover food into the fridge and tried to wash the dishes and clean up a little though it was hard in a tipsy or drunken state, leading to shattering of plates and mugs. Once they had decided to leave the rest of the chores for the other day, they moved into the direction of the spiraling stair. Muffled groans echoed through the room. They beamed, burst out in laughter and gave each other a high five.

"Mission accomplished", Beverly remarked with a wide grin and both Brian and Jimmy cheered - their faces red from the alcohol they had consumed. Freddie, her new mate, walked up to her and nuzzled against her shoulder. Beverly wrapped her hands around Freddie's waist and pulled her into a long, languished kiss.

"You can sleep on the couch", Beverly suggested to Brian and Jimmy who were discussing whether they should take a cab or stay.It was settled when Jimmy stumbled over his own shoes standing on the floor and fell flat on his belly, causing Brian to burst out in giggling and taking a picture of him with his smartphone. Freddie rolled her eyes but Beverly merely grinned.

"Hey guys, you better stay here. I don't want to drive to Las Vegas tomorrow and explain the mess you made to Jack."

"Oh, like the dudes in Hangover?" Brian giggled.

"Oh what an amazing idea", Jimmy exclaimed and laughed. "Come on, let's go."

Beverly cackled, but blocked the way in front of Brian and Jimmy with Freddie.

"Definitely not happening with me. And you better be silent now. Other people want to sleep."

Brian looked at her, then burst out in uncontrolled laughter. "More like sleeping with each other", he babbled. He accidentally bumped into Jimmy as he swaggered on his legs in his drunken state.

Freddie placed her hands on her hips. A hiss escaped her and her fox tail wagged back and forth.She had enough of the drunk banter now. She shoved them forward with her hands.

"Come on, guys, let's go."

They obeyed but couldn't suppressed a nonchalant "Someone's impatient eh", before they entered another room having been turned into a guest room as well.

When Freddie returned from the bathroom and passed by the guest room, she heard a muffled high-pitched moan and a cry sounding suspiciously like “Fuck me harder, Daddy.”

Freddie smirked, then strolled back to the bed room where Beverly was already waiting for her, lounging on the bed.

The next morning, Beverly and her mate Freddie were preparing breakfast for all of them - pancakes with maple syrup and butter. When Hannibal and Will came down the stairs and entered the living room, Beverly flung a cheeky glance at the omega and the alpha.Both looked thoroughly disheveled and wrecked.

”You owe me thirty bucks, Brian”, Jimmy muttered into his ear. “Technically only ten”, Brian grumbled but he handed him the money under the table.

“Good morning”, Beverly greeted them airily, smiling as she detected a new scar on Will’s neck. “Breakfast is nearly ready. Have a seat.”

She gestured them to the long table in the living room area where the Christmas party had taken place the night before. Hannibal and Will followed her invitation and sat down on the other side of Brian and Jimmy.

“Wow”, Brian exclaimed, seeing Hannibal and Will being thoroughly disheveled despite their attempts at making themselves decent. “That must have been a quite wild night.” He winked at Will.

“It was indeed”, Freddy remarked, peeking out from the kitchen, her fox ears straightening. “We’ve heard you loud and clear”, she paused, letting her curious, devilish eyes flicker over them, while putting stacks of pancakes on the plates in front of her.

Will pursed his lips, grimaced but explained nothing.He merely revealed his small fangs as a response. He had to hold himself back from saying something impolite and clenched his hand into fists. Hannibal’s lips curled up in a slight smile and the alpha put a protective hand on Will’s back, releasing some more soothing pheromones.

“I’m sorry for disrupting your sleep, Ms Lounds”, Hannibal remarked calmly. “I’m sure it won’t happen again.”

Freddie scoffed and cast an arrogant smirk at him. “Oh, it was very interesting, you know.”

“I didn’t know you two were so much into Daddy Kink”, she revealed, one eyebrow raised.

Brian and Jimmy who also were seated at the table took a sip from their coffee and tried their best, not to burst out in laughter.

“Are you planning on writing an article about that?” Will asked her, shooting an “I hate you so much look” at Beverly’s new girlfriend.

Freddie walked in the living room and served Brian and Jimmy their plates with pancakes before returning to aid Beverly.

“As tempting as it is, Will, even Tattlecrime has some standards.”

The remark made Will nearly spill his coffee as he broke out into scornful laughter.

“Well, that’s big news indeed”, Will scoffed.

Beverly returned into the living room and sat down on her place next to Freddie who kissed her, earning a disapproving glance of Will.

They all sat down together and started to eat with *“All I Want For Christmas Is You”* playing in the background.

One month later

Will was more tired than usual and he wondered if that was even possible. He barely managed to get up from the bed in the morning. Everything was so exhausting, his limbs were heavy as lead. The first thing he did this Monday morning, was to go to the toilet bowl and throw up the breakfast Hannibal had brought him.

His mate shot him a concerned look, standing at the threshold of the bathroom door. “You look very peaky, Will. I think you should consider taking a rest. You might have the abdominal influenza.”

Will groaned and nodded. He let Hannibal take care of him and tell Jack he wouldn’t be able to work for him; that he, Hannibal, could try to help with his knowledge on the current murder case instead.

But it didn’t get better the more the week progressed and Hannibal figured out what the reason was when checking his temperature and scenting his mate from up close while Will was asleep on the couch, exhausted and tired from the ordeal.

The scent of Will had changed. While it had been rich and sweet in the weeks before, being like that of vanilla and apricot, it had now diminished a little.

Hannibal smiled to himself while he prepared another teapot of herbal infusion for Will. It was unexpected, indeed, but a happy development.Of course the omega’s scent would change when the body was preparing for pregnancy. The scent usually served to attract alphas; to get to mate with them but this was no more necessary in Will’s case.

Having woken up, Will dragged his body to the kitchen with slow, heavy steps, his curls messy. A sour smell lay in the air - the odour of nausea and vomit.

Hannibal took his hand and squeezed it . “Will. I think I know what the cause of your current nausea is.” He fell silent A meaningful pause. A little mischievous grin appeared on his face.

Will scowled, his blue eyes piercing Hannibal like arrows. “What are you grinning at?” He hissed, his ears and tail twitching in annoyance. “I thought I had the stomach flu.”

Another moment of silence. Hannibal finally relented when his mate didn’t show a sign he realised what he was going to say.

“Have you taken your birth control pills regularly, Will?” Hannibal inquired, handing him the cup with the steaming hot tea, still smiling impishly.

Will was standing completely still for a moment before the realisation hit him. He seemed utterly paralysed for seconds. Then Will tore his eyes wide open and spilled some of the tea on the floor. “Shit”, he remarked. “No...I didn’t actually. Might have forgotten them once or twice.”

“Congratulations Will”, Hannibal remarked softly, embracing him and nuzzling in his curls. “We’re going to be parents.”

Will comforted himself in his embrace, needing a moment to digest the unexpected and willfully ignored news of his pregnancy.

Then he pulled back from Hannibal’s hug, sensing the time had come for his own revelation. Will had another surprise up his sleeve.

“By the way, while we’re at it. I have some other news for you”,Will explained, taking a few steps back.

“I’m all ears”, Hannibal gave back, purring and smiling.

Will took a deep breath then stared at Hannibal with a decisive look in his sea bluish-green eyes. “I found the human meat in the basement. I know you’re the Chesapeake Ripper and the Wendigo we have been looking for.”

As expected, the alpha reacted aggressively to the revelation as his secret life as serial killer was in danger and about to be exposed. Hannibal growled and hunched his shoulders, lowering his majestic antlers, his eyes glowing golden.His skin started to blacken, his bod changing and thinning. Hannibal was about to transform into his true form - the Wendigo.

“It’s okay, Hannibal”, the omega cooed in his wonderful, velvet and innocent Omega voice. “I won’t tell anyone.” He smirked, raised his eyebrows, releasing calming omegan pheromones into the air which had an immediate effect on his alpha. The menacing growl disappeared.

Hannibal’s eyes narrowed, but he appeared to be appeased by the pheromones and Will’s reassurance.

Will emptied the tea cup and placed it back. He placed his hand on his belly. Before leaving the kitchen, he halted and turned to break the awkward silence.

“But you gonna have to hunt again. We’re running low of meat and my baby needs protein”, Will warned him.

Hannibal smiled and let out a deep breath. He placed the curved linoleum knife back into the drawer he had fetched it from.

When the first shock and surprise at the revelation of his pregnancy had settled and time passed, Will found himself liking and accepting the fact he was changing, leaving behind his male appearance. Still, people could still use the pronoun they wanted.He felt okay with both.

Will was standing in front of the ostentatious mirror in their master bed room and admired his more feminine appearance from all angles. He was dressed in a long blue kimono.His hips were broader now, the breasts were growing, preparing for lactation and his stubble had now totally gone,which he found very practical. The blue eyes were even more radiant if it was possible.

Hannibal sneaked up from behind and petted the growing baby bump with circular movements,sensing the baby kicking and moving, nuzzling in his neck. "You look wonderful, Will",he purred and nibbled at his neck.

Will shut his eyes as he sensed the baby - no, the babies, moving and kicking in his belly. It was a strange sensation but he liked it because it showed his babies were developing well.

"By the way, Hannibal. I'm expecting twins", he announced, arching his head back, scenting his mate's glands.

A pleased, purring growl rumbled in Hannibal's chest and the maroon eyes turned to gold. Will led his hand back to his belly and Hannibal felt the kicking once again. There were definitely two babies in the belly. Will had been correct.

Will turned around and stared Hannibal directly in his eyes. "This turns you on ", he assessed with a grin tugging on his lips. Slick formed in his ass again and Hannibal's hands wandered down to the crack and the marvelous heaps of flesh. Will groaned. "Yes. I like the fact that I managed to put two babies in you with my cum", Hannibal smirked. "It seems it arouses you as well."

"Oh yes", Will breathed. "I like..being marked by you. I like carrying your babies."

Their lips clashed together once more and Hannibal pinned Will down on the bed to make sweet and tender love with him all afternoon.

One year later (Christmas)

After the delicious lunch hosted by Hannibal, everyone agreed to take a walk in the peaceful, white landscape surrounding Hannibal's and Will's new home in Virginia. Will was pushing the baby carriage, occasionally ensuring that his two fawns, Zephyr and Angel were comfortable, all warm and cozy as they could be in the merciless cold of the wilderness. Hannibal walked beside him, helping him when the fawns cried or moved in the buggy, signalling their determination to get out and be comforted by their omega mother.

A while after, the little fawns cooed in the baby buggy and played with the stags and deers figurines attached to a chain attached to the buggy.

“Your kiddos have already grown a lot”, Beverly commented on the fast growth of their fawns to Will and Hannibal with a wise smile. She bowed down to pet the soft brown curls of Zephyr and the blonde fluffy bangs of Angel. They beamed up at her and clutched Beverly’s fingers in their tiny hands when she offered them her hands.

“They sure did”, Will replied, looking thoughtful and returned her fond smile when he watched the twins playing with Beverly’s hand and the chain with the stag figurines.

“Maybe a little too fast”, he added with a wry smile. "It’s almost scary.”

Beverly chuckled. “My mom said the same thing about me, too.”

Hannibal meanwhile walked up to Alana, Margot and Morgan to make conversation, after seeing Will was doing alright and chatting with Beverly.

Snow started falling down. Soon their coats were all covered in fluffy white snowflakes. An icy wind was blowing and it was getting colder with every minute they stayed outside. Another light blizzard was approaching, though it had been announced for the second Christmas Day. So everyone was surprised and cursed. The fawns cried, being uncomfortable and cold, as a sharp ferocious breeze blew over the buggy and before long Will decided to end the short stroll to calm them down and bring them into the cozy warmth of their living area again.

“Could you wait outside for a minute?” Brian politely asked Will and Hannibal, who were now carefully fetching their fawns from the baby carriage. Hannibal assisted Will in putting them into the baby sling Will had strapped to the front of his body. The fawns cooed once more, in interest,when they noticed something was changing. Zephyr whimpered, about to burst into tears again when he noticed it was still cold and he couldn’t move the way he wanted.

“Shhh. It’s alright, darling”, Will cooed and purred to soothe Zephyr, pressing him against his breasts. Angel seemed unimpressed and toyed with the fabric of Will’s coat. Having soothed his fawn, Will shifted his gaze up to Brian again, who was waiting for an answer.

“It’s a surprise, Will“, Brian started explaining. Will looked back at Hannibal, then shrugged.”Okay. As long as it doesn’t take ages. Our babies are already uncomfortable in the cold.“

“I promise it won’t”, Brian assured him then turned around. Jimmy, Brian and Beverly pushed through the door again and hurried to execute whatever they had planned on doing.

When Hannibal and Will stepped through the door with Zephyr and Angel, everyone cheered as they now reached the spot under the mistletoe twig Beverly had mounted to the ceiling.

The two little fawns, still sitting in Will’s baby sling were turning their heads around and looking at everyone in curiosity.Their mood had brightened as they were now cozy and

warm again. Zephyr and Angel were beaming and making excited noises. Their little deer ears first lowered then straightened in excitement. Will planted a chaste kiss on their heads, being content with them not being stirred up and upset by the loud voices and lots of strange people.

“Does this setting remind you of something?” Will asked his mate with a loving smile.

Hannibal smirked. “Yes. I do have a slight déjà vue.” He cupped Will’s face into his hands and kissed him with ardour and reverence, but careful not to squeeze or hurt their babies between them.

“Who would have thought that our mistletoe mischief would produce children?” Jimmy asked with a wide grin when they stood there, watching the scene.

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